Nov. 26?

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Monday.

My Violet.

The doctor says that Nessa will be able to go away today fortnight – as near as he can tell. She is to keep to the rest cure for another 5 or 6 days, & she won't really come down much before she goes. Adrian's friend Cole has offered us his house in Wiltshire – or Berkshire – St

is large & comfortable – the dr.
thinks it just regat. – Shelley
would join us there when he
could come, or go for a
little to the sea first with
Bell. Bell comes everyday
to see him & read to him –
which is really the best possible
arrangement – though one door is
shut! Sydney Turner came
back from Copenhagen on
hearing of Shelley's illness –
giving up 2 out of his 6 weeks holiday: really

NYPL

Shelley is spoilt by his friends. Kelly
comes - Kelly sends his carnations -
of course. he is fearfully weak
after all his fever - he did
have it high really till last
week - but he is all right.
I dont feel as though I had any
brip or pen left - common sense
does dry me intellect. The
nurses get a little bored when
there is nothing to do but feed up;
but on the whole the menagerie
for behaves nicely. I stand in
the letter with a long whip.
Really all Jones talk of
house keeping was a fraud:
I do the bills, & the rates & the
coals - & it only wants 2 minutes

& I spend 20 balancing a sentence.
I try to hammer out an article
for Leo; something fantastic about
Grace. But it won't come smooth.
I had a walk on the Embankment
with Katharine Furse the other day:
it was like walking with a steam
Engine, & her mind never stops going.
Still, it is a healthy kind of machine-
& I suppose she has to let steam her
life somehow. Otto I saw
Kitty; & as usual I recant a great
deal that I said, though I think
the main lines hold good. She
seems fairly happy - well. - its an odd
world.
Sidney sends his love. So does
Nessa - but Walkabout's love is
the nicest kind to get.

LVW.

NYPL

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

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Wednesday.

This can only be a
scrawl, as Beatrice is
dining here. Sydney
Turner & Peter
Heaven knows how we're
to feed 11 a pheasant.
I saw Kitty this morning.
She tells me to dress better
& I may marry - She ain't sanguine.

Still she is the best of women,
with a heart of gold - O
Dear, that I should ever
come to say that NYPL ha.
Nessa flourishes. Still sits
togther fire. Savage come
today, & says she has a
splendid constitution & we
need never feel any anxiety
about her health. He
says she was quite right: &
no rest cure was really
necessary.

Thoby slept better. He still
was allowed to move - but
next week the feeding steps
will begin.

This is dull & dreary.
But the talk of nurses is
better than opium to the
only it dont soothe.

Yours

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

My Violet.

The news of you are not
to read for more than 5
minutes what I take to be
a Lent as polite as the
obtuse race can make them.
So you must swallow news in
pills: Nessa has been sitting
up for about 2 hours
with no ill effects.
Thoby is more hungry but
healthy & rather better they
say. I suppose he can't yet

Strange tell he gets. These
ordinary details you will supply
for yourself. They say his
attack must have been worse
than yours as his temp. was
so high. But it's a thing that
leaves no ill effects - indeed it
recoats your inside - so you
can look forward to a
double life & party & cleanliness.
Here is 5 minutes up.
Yes Miss: & your handwriting
takes double time.
Sydney Sussex is talking & drinking
& smoking & farting all at once.
Love from Norman
DHS.

NYPL

Thursday.

My Violet,

I'm in a fearing hurry — Beatrice & Peter talking behind me — It is a mercy you are doing so well; a temperate life the dr. says is the reward specific for typhoid. You are as funny as a hen — how d'you know my back aches? The dr. makes me share Nesa's rest cure, — I have milk & tonics

& for the last 3 days
I have had no more pain
from a Caryatid.
Leo wants me to write
an article for the national-
not critics in but anything
else. Nessa passed
2½ the this week, on holy
vacations; she really is a
wonderful old thing; &
the dr. thinks her a credit
to the race, says she has
nerves are 'beautiful'-
one of the few people who

NYPL

who have a sound body - a rest
for a week or two more would
set her quite straight. He is
a very good kind man. - he
has set himself to understand
Nena now, & spends hours
with her - talking mostly
about football & electric light.
Johny is as well as possible.
We aren't anxious. His
nurses really are nice women;
& full of fight & energy - -
So for there have been no
quarrels. Indeed I had the
greatest compliment I have had
yet - "You really are more
sensible than other people.
Stupher" - & she didn't know

that I am also more inspired
than most people - don't I?

I feel I write like an
eccentric typewriter; but I
have to scrawl 'lines' on
postcards to all the in-d
relations, who think it so
much to their credit to ask
for news. Avon Fisher
comes in by the back door - why -
no one knows - and under stairs.
Margaret apes me under stairs.
Ready the different departments
of the factory are being undertaken
by different people - but news
like you - Oh how pretty.

Yr loving

AS.